BY J. L. PENNINGTON & CO.

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In Memoriam.

On Saturday morning, the 15th of April, at twenty minutes past ten o'clock, in the city of Washington, the noblest heart that ever beat in America—measured by the sphere of labors through which it moved—ceased to beat. Fast and far as the electric wire dispatched the news of the death of President Lincoln his living spirit had, in its great Catholic sympathies, reached. The generous and liberal affections which warmed towards all mankind, remained serene and undimmed through every trial down to the last hour of his life. There was no other man equal and like to him, and there could not be because there was no other whose breast was so ample, so fervid, and so fresh. For days, and weeks, the streets of Washington will be silent. The beauty that shone like the hues of the morning through the vision of freedom has vanished in the night that has come upon the land.

From every quarter of the Union, eyes will turn in the direction of that silent, solemn and desolate White House—and miss the great tower which lifted its head to the heavens, and in the midst of storm held up its lofty light of benignant influence and guidance to the contemplation of all his countrymen. By the hand of the accursed assassin, all that was perishable of Abraham Lincol has passed away—but his principles, like the words of the holy man, shall endure forever. These are vital and invulnerable. They will remain glowing with the spirit from which they emanated, and clad with the vesture of beauty which neither the moth, nor the mildew, nor the worm, not the cowardly traitor shall consume. I say cowardly traitor, for not all the tragic machinery of the globe, not all the instruments of civil rage and domestic murder, could produce so foul a demon. The common damned will pass him by and regard themselves as fiends less foul.

It is sad to contemplate the death of our patriot Chief at a time, when the banners of victory were waving in all the winds of heaven, and the cry of freedom was breaking from the unfettered earth—Seldom has the roll of death received a purer name. The down cast eyes, the throbbing hearts and saddened countenances of the army, tell too truthfully of the profound grief. The emotions of the whole people are almost tangible. A sublime silence that is reverential and awe-inspiring, pervades the nation. It is said that the banners of Washington city drooped in the calm, balmy air. The sad solemn music had a sorrow in it that was celestial, it was hopeful, heavenly. The grand streets lined with people was an appropriate triumphal way leading to the grave of the dead patriot. The people were going up to the burial of their own son. They seemed to know how he had labored for them, how he had loved them, how true, how unselfish, how brave he was. There was no terror that he did not dare for them, there was no labor that he did not endure for their sakes, there was no duty that he left unfulfilled, there was no wrong that he saw, or knew as far as his vision reached, that he did not scorn. As my gifted and chivalrous friend, Gen. *Meagher* said, *Abraham Lincoln was the friend of the soldier, the friend of the soldier's wife and the friend of the soldier's child* He was a pure patriot, a wise counsellor, a devoted friend and a model President. Always tranquil, generous, unexcited: not fast enough, not ambitious, and avenging enough. But who will dare to say that he was not honest, conscientious, enough and determined to do that which was right. The South had no warmer or more indefatigable friend. His death will be an irretrievable loss to the suffering, uncomplaining, noble unionists of the Southern States.

In the social circle he was a man of unrivalled powers of pleasing all within the sunshine of his smiles. Everything vicious and degraded was repelled by his pure mind, like the dirt that fell from the garment of Bunyan's Pilgrim. At the bar he had a versatility of talents, unbounded resources, inexhaustible faculties of securing the attention, rousing the understanding, moving the affections, and producing strong impressions. His was not a passionate oratory that carried his hearers away in a whirlwind, but a winning voice that stole away their hearts, the *ars celare artem*, the perfection of persuasiveness. He was a philanthropist ardent and untiring, ready to lead or follow in all the great movements of the age. He had a genial heart and a genial home for his friends. Lives there a man who can say that he ever wronged him, or one who can say that his eloquent voice at the bar was ever withheld from aiding the poor and the distressed?

What Tennyson said of his brother, that

He bore without abuse
The grand old name of gentleman,

was in its fullest sense applicable to him.

He had all the sweetness of a girl, blending with the energy of a sound brain, a nerve of flint, a perfect manhood, a delightful quiet humor, and an earnestness that nothing could shake or tamper with. A contemplative student, he brought a heart full of exquisite sympathies and harmonies into the rough and fierce scenes of political warfare, and with them a manner nature, which, whilst it ever refused to take delight in what was boisterous, vulgar, ungenerous, or the least untruthful, was ever prompt with its recognition of whatever was good and what was starting, though it might have neither been brilliant or cultured. But to form a correct estimate of this brave and generous patriot, we must not merely consider him as a lawyer, a soldier, or in any other walk of life. Men in general have their peculiar excellence and strong points. But this was not the case with our departed President. In everything he was equal. He was the centre in the circle of gifts—an attractive and luminous focus on which rays are falling from all parts of the orb; a good scholar, a sharp logician; an excellent lawyer, a practical philosopher, an accomplished citizen; a politician honest and judicious, An American patriot, having a reverence for all that was wise and good in the history of the country. Would that I could this evening, in this superb summer, strew his grave with the purple flowers, which Anchises dedicated in the Elysian field to the young Marcellus, and that these flowers remained of perpetual bloom and fragrance.

The most glorious act of his administration was the charter of *universal emancipation*. Millions have gazed upon it with devout joy and rapture.—It has reverberated from empire to empire, from continent to continent. The Laplander has heard it amid the regions of eternal snow. The European has heard it amid the fields and crowded cities of a refined and civilized population. The Arab and the Hindoo have heard it amid the gardens and spicy plains of Arabia. The African has heard it amid the burning beams of an equinoctial sun. The peasantry in Wales, in England, in Ireland, in Germany, in Asia and Egypt, have kindled with delight as they heard the *Anthem of the Free*! What a glorious epoch will this constitute in the annals of the Republic. The President was called to a difficult and perilous position, his sway extending over a broader land than the Roman Eagle ever swept in all the magnificence of his flight, and never did any former President sanction a measure which at once put an end to so much misery, and secured so much happiness. It will be beautifully said of Lincoln as it was of Wilberforce, that he went to Heaven, bearing in his hands the broken shackles of four million slaves.

Abraham Lincoln's name will be emblazoned in the vast pantheon of Freedom's champions and martyrs. A true American, he served his country with a coolness, a courage, a grand enthusiasm that true men feel in a good cause. His was a good life and a grand death, and as he takes his place among the immortals one must say: "Way there for the brave son of the people, the heroic martyr of to-day! Servant of the Republic, well done. Take your crown and harp, and enter the joy of your Lord. Friend of the slave, and brother of humanity, farewell!—Soldiers, has Abraham Lincoln died in vain? No, by Heaven! The blood of men fighting for Freedom is never shed in vain—the earth will not cover it! From the ground it cries aloud, and the avenger knoweth his day and his hour. America is now and forever a great nation—how much greater than before her bloody agony? How much grander her history? How much richer her treasure of heroic memories! Indeed these lines of Byron are profoundly true and noble.

For Freedom's battle once begun!
Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son
Though baffled oft is ever won!

FENIAN.

AFFAIRS IN RICHMOND.

The following, from the correspondents of the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, gives many interesting details concerning operations, the occupation of Richmond by the Union troops and the surrender of Lee:

Lee's Surrender in Richmond.

RICHMOND, Monday, April 10—A. M.

Last evening we had quite a sensation for Richmond. About eight P. M., General Weitzel received a despatch announcing the surrender of Lee and his entire army. A salute of one hundred guns was ordered to be fired, and Secesh at once started the story that a heavy battle was going on, and that Lee was to retake Richmond; but their joy was short-lived, for the contrabands soon got the true version, and, frantic with joy, ran in every direction, shouting "Lee has surrendered!" which sank like lead into the already almost broken hearts of the citizens.

The New Rebel Resting Place.

Among the papers being brought to light is an order from Jeff. Davis, dated on Sunday, the 2d inst., upon a Rebel Quartermaster, to ship his baggage and stores to Charlotte, N. C., where it is hoped he will fall into the hands of General Sherman.

Mrs. Gen. Lee and Family.

Mrs. General Lee and her family continue to keep close in their house, and the shutters are all closed. No one disturbs them, and a sentry parades up and down the square, but does not interfere with the visits of their Secesh friends, to condole with them in their depths of despair.

Note from the Late Rebel Chieftain.

General Lee sent Mrs. Lee a note last Sunday, telling her that she must leave Richmond at once. He did not say where she should go, and gave no further explanation. But she was then too sick to leave, and postponed it until Monday, when, in the panic, she was abandoned by Davis and Breckinridge, and the burning of a church in her front and the buildings in her rear, with the terrible explosions of the arsenals, and the general rushing to and fro, led her to make preparations to be carried out, but although all the houses around her on three sides were burned, the Lee mansion was not injured.

Bragg Unlucky as Usual.

General Bragg's house was consumed with nearly all his furniture. But little was carried out, and that was appropriated by the poor whites.

Church Services.

The Episcopal church where Jeff. Davis was accustomed to attend was very well attended yesterday, but most of the audience were ladies, nine-tenths of whom were dressed in deep mourning.

Jeff's Pew Vacant.

Jeff. Davis' pew, near the centre, was vacant, all around it were filled. Lee's pew was filled by some of our officers, it being well back to the rear. None of Lee's family or relatives attended, although he has about twenty here, a portion of whom attend the customary prayer meetings, where no Yankees are allowed to intrude. The other churches are about the same as this.

RICHMOND, VA., April 9th, 1865.

The First Sunday in Richmond,

Under the Union regime, has been a memorable one in many respects. The day has been a lovely one, the air mild and balmy, the sky cloudless, being one of unsullied azure, and the entire city has presented a scene of quiet repose, unmarred by the slightest noise or disturbance, all of which is strictly in keeping with the sacred character of the day. The only sounds that have been wafted over the city by the soft spring breeze, consists of the peals of the various church bells, and the majestic strains of church organs, and the only signs of life and animation visible in the streets were throngs of people treading their way quietly and reverently to church.

Perhaps more from a sense of curiosity than proper devotion, I found myself moving in column with the church goers, and after crossing Capitol Square, directed my steps to the Monumental Protestant Episcopal Church, on Broad street. The church is a large one, octagonal in shape, capable of holding a numerous congregation, and contains a very fine organ. Entering, I found but a very small number of worshippers present, consisting of ladies, children, elderly gentlemen, and a very limited number of young men. The pastor, Rev. Mr. Woodbridge, took for his text the 28th verse of the 11th chapter of St. Matthew—"Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

There was a peculiar fitness in the text, as the drift of the discourse was evidently intended to be a sort of balm to the Rebel sympathizers present for the anguish of mind and intense sorrow experienced by them in finding their fair city under control of and occupied by what they consider their deadliest enemies. The speaker proceeded to state that all those who had indulged in fair dreams of happiness and prosperity, and whose dreams had vanished like the morning mist, leaving the dreamer sad and dejected, and without rest, should remember the consoling words of Him who had so beautifully spoken the words of the text. He spoke of the disappointment and soreness which ambitious minds experience at the success of those with whom they have placed themselves in rivalry, and to all such (evidently alluding to the defeat of the Rebel Generals) he would say, "Come unto me all ye who labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." He alluded to the circumstance that man often leans upon the world, and the treacherous reed breaks, and he is without help or hope, and man's ever restless heart is buffeted about until it finds its rest in God.

The reverend gentleman touched upon the theme that those who perpetrate wrong, and whose restlessness leads them to the commission of acts of injustice, must render an account for their actions. He stated pointedly that the text of his sermon was intended for all who required consolation, no matter from what cause of grief. If any one present had no cause of sadness or grief, and felt contented within himself, his text and remarks did not apply to him But to all afflicted ones he would say, if you are cast down with distress, sorrow or pain, go to Him, for He in his kindness will never cast out from His presence those who come unto him.

I noticed that the portion of the Episcopal ritual calling on the Heavenly Father to "bless the President of the United States and all others in authority," was omitted, and the words—"Bless all Christain rulers and magistrates," substituted.

The choir opened the services with an anthem entitled "Peace troubled soul," and the soprano and alto seemed so affected at portions of the words, which probably reminded them of circumstances connected with the war, of a disagreeable character to them, that their voices trembled, and they could scarcely sing, and they were otherwise visibly affected.

The greater portion of the ladies present were in deep mourning, and a peculiar appearance of sadness seemed to pervade the entire congregation. A number of Union officers were present, who seemed to attract some attention. In the afternoon I visited St. Peter's Catholic Cathedral, and listened to vespers. Bishop Magill officiated, and the services were impressive. The cathedral is very large, the music extremely fine, and the interior is highly ornamented with paintings representing scenes in the life of our Saviour. The altar is composed of white marble, and an immense painting of the Crucifixion, a beautiful work of art, is erected in the rear of it. The attendance was slim, many of those present were Union soldiers, and I heard a member of the congregation say there were fewer persons present than he had ever known.

The four principal churches of Richmond, Episcopal, Methodist, Presbyterian and Catholic, are all very near each other and close by Capitol Square. Some of them are surmounted by tall and graceful spires, and they are all very handsome structures.

While penning the above in my room I heard an unusual commotion in the hotel, and some noise in the street, followed soon after by the thunder of artillery. I dropped my pen and proceeded to ascertain the cause, when I learned that a despatch had just been received at headquarters that

Lee's Entire Army had Surrendered.

The citizens had mostly retired for the night, but soon windows were thrown up and people poked their heads out to ascertain what was the matter. Others were running through the streets, and many, who had not heard of the contents of the official despatch regarding the surrender, spread a report that the Rebels were making an attack on the city.

Presently, a number of contrabands who had heard the news commenced jumping about in all directions, shouting "Lee's army has surrendered!" "Lee's army has surrendered," and it was not long before the delighted blacks made every person in town acquainted with the joyful or disagreeable intelligence, as the case might be.

The Secesh inhabitants on hearing the news quickly pulled down their windows or retired to their homes, not being inclined to believe the report. But not so the negroes; for they were entirely willing to believe what they wanted to believe, and their joy and excitement knew no bounds. We know nothing as yet, beyond the circumstance that an official despatch is said to be received worded, "General Lee and his whole army have surrendered," but a report prevails which I have not traced to any reliable authority, that

JEFF. DAVIS HAS BEEN CAPTURED

Near Charlotte, and also his wife and children with him. We are on the tip-toe of expectation for fresh developments of the glorious news, and I doubt not that Richmond will see many early risers to-morrow morning, bent on hearing all that can be learned regarding the downfall of Rebellion and the triumph of the Union.

For a number of days past a number of Rebel officers have been loafing about the streets of Richmond, holding high heads and exhibiting a very much at home appearance. Provost Marshal Stevens issued an order that all such should at once report to him and take the oath of allegiance. Many of them declined to do so, when they were informed that unless they immediately obeyed orders a colored guard would be sent after them. This was too much for the chivalry, and many of them came forward at once.

The following is a list of Rebel officers who refused to take the oath, and were committed to Libby Prison:

F. Gregory, General Rosser's staff.
Henry Taylor, General Lorings staff.
S. G. Short, Major and A. A. G., to General Heath.
D. P. Ramsay, Surgeon C. S. A.
S. B. Reardon, Assistant Paymaster C. S. A.
John J. Mathewson, Asst. Paymaster C. S. A.
Captain C. O. Bigger, Invalid Corps.
Captain J. Thomas Bussy, Second Maryland.
G. H. West, Jr., Flag Officer's Secretary.

Yesterday 206 Rebel prisoners took the oath, and 106 to-day. Lieutenant John Bishop is in charge of Libby Prison.

WM. H. CUNNINGTON.

NEAR PETERSBURG, VA., April 10, 1865.

"It never rains but it pours." Hardly had we done rejoicing over that great triumph of the Union arms, the taking of Richmond, than we are again called upon to strain our lungs with cheering, and to expend our gunpowder in celebrating the virtual end of this Rebellion, the

SURRENDER OF GENERAL LEE AND HIS ENTIRE ARMY.

This great event occurred yesterday afternoon, but the exact nature of the ceremonies attending it have not yet transpired. You have, however, been already officially informed of the general terms of capitulation. The surrender took place about twelve miles from Burkesville, and constitutes an event in the history of the country, and even in the world's annals, of great and mighty import.

The Army of Northern Virginia has been no body of men to be despised; it died hard, and doubtless our own men, while contemplating it during the surrender, experienced—

"The stern joy which warriors feel
In foemen worthy of their steel."

It is universally conceded hereabouts that the surrender of General Lee ends the war. It lops off at one blow the heads of the Rebellion, and the trunk is rotten and worthless.

It is anticipated by many that the Rebels yet in arms will now inaugurate a sort of guerrilla warfare, which may last for some time, but after a few of them have stretched hemp they will tire of that game, and peace will again bless the land, and the great American nation be greater and grander for having passed through the terrible ordeal of the past four years.

Last night the entire lines of the army, stretching around Petersburg, were illuminated with

BRILLIANT BONFIRES.

Wild tumultuous cheers rent the air from the throats of thousands of sturdy warriors, and the greatest joy and enthusiasm pervaded every heart. Artillery in all directions belched forth

GRAND SALUTES

Of one hundred guns, and bunting was displayed from every imaginable spot.

At daylight this morning,

THE GUN-BOATS

In the James River, all the way from City Point to Richmond, made the welkin ring with the thunder of their guns of heavy calibre. The sailors manned the rigging and cheered most lustily, and I doubt not large quantities of apple-jack and old rye contributed their peculiar effect to the general rejoicing.

Four years ago Jeff. Davis gave utterance to some words at Stevenson, Alabama, which he has been compelled most reluctantly to eat. They have a peculiar fitness just now, as exhibiting the wide difference between his anticipations then and his realizations now. In February, 1861, he said to a number of his dupes, "Your Border States will gladly come into the Southern Confederacy within sixty days, as we will be your only friends. England will recognize us, and a glorious future is before us. The grass will grow in the Northern cities where the pavements have been worn by the tread of commerce.

"We will carry war where it is easy to advance, where food for the sword and torch await the armies, in the densely populated cities."

1861 AND 1865.

On the 10th of January, 1861, the Charleston Mercury contained the following article, which every loyal man will read with delight in the light of recent events:

Great events crowd rapidly one upon another. Three short weeks ago, and the greatest event of the century upon the Western Hemisphere was transacted in Charleston. The union of the States of North America was dissolved by the action of the State of South Carolina.

It appears to be a decree of history that upon all great revolutions or changes of the Government of a people, the red seal of blood must be set. Yesterday, the 9th day of January, will be a memorable day in history. Powder has been burned over the decree of our State, timber has been crushed, perhaps blood spilled. South Carolina will maintain her liberties and her independence whilst there is "a single shot in her lockers." Blind infatuation is driving our enemies forward, and stroke by stroke the liberties of the South are being welded and cemented together.

The expulsion of the steamer Star of the West, from the Charleston harbor yesterday morning, was the opening of the ball of the Revolution. We are all proud that our harbor has been so honored. We are more proud that the State of South Carolina, so long, so bitterly, so contemptuously reviled and scoffed at, above all others, should thus proudly have thrown back the scoff of her enemies.—Intrenched upon her soil she has spoken from the mouth of her cannon, and not from the mouths of scurrilous demagogues, fanatics and scribblers.

Contemned, the sanctity of her waters violated with the hostile purpose of re-inforcing enemies in our harbor, she has not hesitated to strike the first blow, full in the face of her insulter. Let the United States bear or return at her good will the blood still tingling about her ears, the fruit of her own bandit temerity.—We would not exchange or recall that blow for millions. It has wiped out a half century of scorn and outrage. Again South Carolina may be proud of her historic fame and ancestry, without a blush upon her cheek for her present power.

The haughty echo of her cannon has ere this reverberated from Maine to Texas, through every hamlet of the North, and down along the great waters of the Southwest. The defiance has gone forth. Upon every acre of the peaceful soil of the South armed men will spring up as the sound breaks upon their ears, and it will be found that word of our insolent foes has indeed been dragon's teeth sown for their destruction.

And though greasy and treacherous ruffians may cry on the dogs of war, and traitorous politicians may lend their aid in deceptions, South Carolina will stand under her own palmetto tree, unterrified by the snarling growls or the assaults of the one, undeceived or deterred by the willy machinations of the other. And if that red sea of blood be still lacking to the parchment of our liberties, and blood they want, blood they shall have, and blood enough to stamp it all in red—For, by the God of our Fathers, the soil of South Carolina *shall be free!*

THE REFUGEE.

ON PICKET.

The night is hushed, and late the hour,
The mist sleeps on the lea,
The sun, to hide his lessening power,
Has gone down in the sea.
The stars shine out a brilliant throng,
And wait on Luna bright—
The fleecy clouds that sail along
Are melting in her light.

The tented lights that lately shone
Within the sombre grove,
Have slowly vanished one by one
Like friends I used to love.
The insects hum—a countless crowd—
Their praises to the sky,
And "Poor-Will" raise in accents loud
Their melancholy cry.

The river, sweeping by alone,
Comes gurgling to my feet,
And whispers to the moss-wrapped stone
Its secrets sad and sweet.
It tells how war and carnage red
Now desolate the land—
The VALE, for which our fathers bled,
Was plundered by traitor's hand.

It tells how purse proud men would make
Of men their chattels, trade
In poor man's blood, and madly break
The laws our fathers made;
How proud rebellion raised its head,
And right had stricken down,
Till in the end it tottering fled
Before the people's frown.

How thoughtful men throughout the land
Their voice 'gainst treason raise,
And others mad the traitor band
With lavish, fulsome praise;
How timid men with hearts of slaves
In slavish accents spoke,
But meshed within the slave-lords manacles
Their necks bowed to the yoke.

How human blood had flooded on
Our rivers to the sea,
And bones of men beneath the sun
Lay blanching in his ray.
Till true men saw that senseless brag
Made as a mockery,
And sternly grasped the nation's flag
To make their people free.

And still the river babbled on,—
And listened the cold grey stone—
It told of the wearied heart of one
Who mourned there alone;
How in the past his soul was sad,
And crushed with heavy cares,
Yet good thoughts struggled through the bad
Like wheat among the tares.

By inclination led he cheated
Him on the road to wrong,
For right in all things, still he wrestled
With will and passion strong,
And when, with mournful thoughts oppress'd,
Outlawed by foes' decree,
He burned to see his State redressed
And from the traitors free.

And now when bad, ambitious men
Would turn the world aback,
And stay the march of progress when
It speeds on freedom's track,
He cares not where, he cares not how,
His humble place may be,
For in the past—the future now—
He hails all men as free.

The river ceased and followed on
Its course into the sea,
For in the east there faintly shone
The flush of coming day.
I see the swiftly gliding star
Dive downward on its course,
And in the gloomy pines afar
The watch-dog's bay is hearse.

The night is swiftly passing by
And soon the "revelie"
Will wake the camps, for not an eye
Kept watch but mine for thee.
The red sun rises, nature glows,
My friend, thou knowest I think
From waking thoughts as sad as those
On rapid Pedee's brink.

PAYE,
Co. C, 13th N. J. Vols.

SOLDIER'S HYMN.

There is a land where strife shall cease,
Where arms shall clash no more;
Where all is calm content and peace;
Lord, bring us to that shore!
In the rough tent, in the wild tent,
In the marches by the way,
Be Thou the soldier's comforter,
His strength, his staff, his stay.

About the graves of good men gone
Make Thou the grass to shine,
Our armies lead to victory on,
And make their victories Thine.
In the rough tent, in the wild tent,
In the marches by the way,
Be Thou the soldier's comforter,
His strength his staff, his stay.

And when we've done with life's events,
When the dark shadows fall,
Help us, O Lord, to strike our tents
For the last march of all.
To the sad tent, to the sick tent,
To the dying tent, come down,
And gem the rough wood of the cross
With the blossoms of the crown.

How to keep on good terms with creditors—pay them.

DAILY PROGRESS.

RALEIGH, N. C.

THURSDAY, APRIL 20, 1865.

An Important Order.

The following General Order from General Sherman was issued yesterday. We received it at a late hour last night and have no room to say more:

HEADQUARTERS, MILITARY DIV. OF THE MISS., In the Field, Raleigh, N. C., April 19th, 1865.

Special Field Orders, } No. 65.

I. The General Commanding announces to this army the surrender of Lieutenant General Johnston and other high officers, which, formally ratified, will take effect from the Potomac to the Rio Grande.—Until the complete Peace is streamed a line passing through Tyrrell's Mount, Chapel Hill University, Durham's Station, and West Point on the Roanoke, will separate the two armies.

Each Army Commander will group his camps entirely with a view to comfort, health and good police.

All the details of Military Discipline must still be maintained, and the General hopes and believes that in a very few days it will be his good fortune to conduct you all to your homes.

The fame of this army for courage, industry and discipline is admitted all over the world!—Then let each officer and man see that it is not stained by any act of vulgarity, rowdyism or petty crime.

The cavalry will patrol the front line. Gen. Howard will take charge of the District from Raleigh up to the vicinity Gen Slocum to the left of Raleigh, and Gen. Schofield in Raleigh, its right and rear.

Quartermasters and Commissaries will keep their supplies up to a light load for the wagons; and the Railroad Superintendent will arrange a depot for the convenience of each separate army.

By order of Major General
W. T. SHERMAN.
L. M. DAYTON,
Assistant Adjutant General.

The War is Over.

A few more scattering shots may be fired by straggling bands, but we think we can assure our readers that all organized resistance to the laws and authority of the United States Government has ceased, and that now the States will vie with each other in their efforts to reorganize and get back into the great American family. We suppose we utter nothing contrabrand when we say that the leaders and rulers have no purpose to continue the struggle longer, and that as soon as the necessary stipulations are arranged the soldiers of both armies will turn their faces homeward. Of course enough Union troops will be left in the South to enable the true and loyal people to organize State governments and select civil rulers; but then the clash of arms will be heard no more: the Union soldiers from the North will mingle with the soldiers and people of the South—the past will be forgotten—and henceforth we shall form one great national brotherhood. The dove of peace hovers over us, the olive branch is visible to the naked eye, and American freemen everywhere should rejoice!

This war was allowed by an All-Wise Providence to scourge this people for some wise purpose, and we should humbly bow beneath the chastening rod and invoke the Great Ruler of the Universe for future guidance and strength. And think of the joy at home, as the wires shall flash PEACE! PEACE! through the land! Think of aged parents, think of loving wives and prattling children; think of mothers and all the sacred and endearing associations of home, and then say if you can, that peace upon the basis of a restored Union was not desirable. Who in all the armies of either side would again have the battle cry pass along the lines?—who again would dash to the ground the kindly feelings now ripening between the combattants, by another appeal to arms?

But enough. Let the dead bury the dead; let the past go, the present has too much joy to be marred by reflections that sicken the soul. The red glare of the belching cannon, the sharp crack of the rifle, the tramp of mounted hosts will not be heard again in deadly strife; for peace, blessed peace, a word hallowed by the lips of the Son of Man, descends upon us. And the prayers of thirty-odd million of people ascend to Him who said, "Peace on earth, good will to men," in gratitude for their great deliverance.

It is said the Blairs are hurding Andy Johnson for the next Presidency in sober earnest.

...ing on Tuesday.

The meeting held on Tuesday afternoon in the Court House, to give expression to the feelings of the community relative to the brutal assassination of the President of the United States, was one of the largest we have seen here, composed exclusively of citizens, since the war commenced; and the deep feeling and intense indignation caused by the diabolical deed was plainly visible on the countenance of every man present. The large Court House was packed, and the crowd would have been much larger had the notice been longer: the notice for the meeting was not made through the papers, and many persons that would have been there had they known of the meeting, were absent.

The Resolutions did not go far enough to suit many of us, but they were accepted in deference to the opinions of others—men whose devotion to the Union we know to be unquestionable.

But now that the clash of arms has ceased, and we are assured that we are to have a country and a government, under the old flag, once more, the people of every county in the State should assemble as soon as practicable and express their devotion to the Union and their readiness to submit to the laws and authority of the United States government. Feeling that the people should move at once, and do all they can to co-operate with the Union Armies and National Authority in re-establishing law, order and good government in North Carolina, we would suggest that a meeting of the citizens of the town and county be held at as early a day as possible, to take steps towards a reorganization of civil authority—co-operating of course with the military—and to express their determination to devote all their energies and talents, and whatever power they may possess, henceforth, to the preservation of the government of their fathers and the perpetuation of the Union under which we achieved all the prosperity we ever enjoyed.

Andrew Johnston.

As by the death of Mr. Lincoln, Andrew Johnston, of Tennessee, becomes President of the United States, a short sketch of his career will be interesting. Mr. Johnston was born in the city of Raleigh about the year 1806, and the house in which he first saw light is still standing in the eastern part of the city,

His origin was obscure, and at an early age he was apprenticed to the tailoring business. After serving a portion of his time he left his employer, and after being absent two years, returned and tried to compromise with his employer for the remainder, but failing in this, he left for the West, crossing the Blue Ridge on foot and taking up his abode in East Tennessee. Here he pursued his business of tailor, and after a while married a woman of some intelligence and education, who first taught him to read and write. Mr. Johnston soon became a conspicuous man in the village (Greenville, East Tenn.,) and in due time was sent to the State Legislature. Here he acquired some reputation, and soon after he was brought forward for a seat in Congress, and being elected, served six years in the House of Representatives. In Congress Mr. Johnston made some reputation, and was then brought forward as the Democratic candidate for Governor of Tennessee. He was elected. He served two years and then was re-elected to serve two years more; after which he was made United States Senator, in which body he served six years. This brought him to the beginning of the revolution, in 1861; and taking the side of the Union, he soon became Military Governor of Tennessee, and then by the voice of the American people, Vice President of the United States. And now, by the unfortunate and deplorable death of the President, Mr. Lincoln, he is President of these United States.

We have given but a hasty sketch, but we hope that others, better informed, will give a more lengthy and satisfactory history of the eventful career of this great man. We say that he is great because we know him to be great, but at the same time he has his faults. The people of the South would have preferred Mr. Lincoln to Mr. Johnston, but as Providence has decreed so must we accept. We trust that Mr. Johnston will bury all personal and sectional feeling, and devote all his energies to the whole country.

For the Progress.

OHIO UNION MEETING AT RALEIGH, N. C.—GREAT RETURN MARCH—SPEECHES, ETC.

Pursuant to call a large number of Ohio soldiers assembled in the Senate Chamber of the State Capitol, in Raleigh, at 11 o'clock, a. m. The meeting was temporarily organized by calling Brig. Gen. James S. Robinson, 3d Brigade, 1st Division, 20th Army Corps, to the Chair. Gen. R. made a few remarks expressing his gratification in being thus called to preside over the deliberations of so large a number of Ohio's veteran sons, and thanked the Convention for the honor thus conferred upon him.

On motion, Lt. C. A. Poland, 176th O. V. I., was appointed temporary Secretary, and Capt. Ulysses H. Cole, 174th O. V. I., Assistant Secretary.

On motion, Messrs. Hicks, of the Cincinnatti Commercial, and Royston, of the Cincinnatti Gazette, were admitted to seats with the Secretaries.

Lieut. Col A. J. Stirling, 174th Ohio, was then called upon. He stated the object of the meeting to be to take measures for obtaining for Ohio soldiers in the field a voice in the nomination of candidates for election to the various State offices. The right to vote had long since been granted; and now it was proposed to participate in the choice of the men for whom our votes are to be cast. Since the nomination was equivalent to an election, it was doubly proper that the votes of the soldiery should be heard in the nominating Convention.

Col. S. then moved that a committee consisting of one person from each Division of the Army be appointed on Permanent Organization and Business.

The motion was adopted and the following gentlemen appointed said Committee:

Gen. Sherwood,	2d Division	23d	A. C.
" Gardener,	3d	"	"	"
Col. Perry,	3d	"	15th	"
" Sterling,	3d	"	19th	"
Lt. Col. Stirling,	1st	"	23d	"
" " Hirst,	3d	"	20th	"
Surgeon Myers,	1st	"	20th	"
Gen. Sprague,	1st	"	17th	"
" Potts,	4th	"	17th	"

No further nominations being made, the Committee retired for consultation, and during their absence, Col. Jester, of the 176th O. V. I., made a short and stirring speech which elicited much applause.

After a short absence, the Committee on Business and Permanent Organization returned and made the following,

REPORT:

The Committee on Business and Permanent Organization ask leave to submit the following report:

PERMANENT PRESIDENT

Brig. General James S. Robinson.

Secretary, C. A. Poland, Lieut. 176th O. V. I.

Asst. Secretary, W. D. Cole, Capt. 174th O. V. I.

Your Committee would recommend that this Convention request the various Ohio Regiments of this army to elect, on Tuesday, the 20th inst., or as soon thereafter as may be, delegates to the Ohio State Union Convention, to be held in Columbus, Ohio, on the 31st day of June, 1865, on the basis established by the State Central Committee, to-wit:

Each Regiment in the field one delegate—each Battalion one delegate, and each Independent Battery one half a vote—any Regiment having seven hundred and fifty men in service, two delegates. The committee would earnestly urge the soldiers to select fellow soldiers as delegates. Delegates so chosen to assemble in the State House in Raleigh, on the 22d day of April, at 11 o'clock, A. M., and make arrangements to act in concert and harmony, so as to give the voice of the army unity and weight in the State Convention; also to report upon their credentials, the number of votes represented.

The above report was unanimously adopted, and on motion, the Convention adjourned, *sine die*.

JAMES S. ROBINSON, Brig. Gen., President.

C. A. POLAND, Lieut., ULYSSES D. COLE, Capt., } Secretaries.

[From the Cincinnati Commercial 16th instant.]

AN APPALLING DISASTER—THE BURNING OF THE STEAMER GENERAL LYON—OVER FIVE HUNDRED PERSONS BURNED TO DEATH OR DROWNED.

The telegraph has already given some particulars of one of the most appalling calamities by fire, at sea, that has occurred for many years. It involves the loss of some 531 people, including men, women and children, nearly four-fifths of whom were burned to death. We give in addition to the particulars already published, the statement of Isaiah C. Colby, of Company K, 5th Ohio Cavalry, one of the survivors of the terrible disaster. Mr. Colby has served in the army for the last thirty-eight months, during which time he has never had a furlough. He is one of General Sherman's heroes that made the irresistable march through Georgia and the Carolinas.—When that army connected with General Schofield's in North Carolina, Mr. Colby's time of service had expired, and he was discharged; and at the time of the burning, was on his way home in Ohio. He gives the following particulars of the calamity:

"The United States transport General Lyon runs between Wilmington and Fortress Monroe. She left the bar off Wilmington on the morning of the 30th, bound to the latter place, with five hundred and fifty souls on board, among whom were two hundred and four discharged soldiers belonging to the 56th Illinois Infantry, and, in round numbers, about one hundred and sixty paroled and escaped Union prisoners; also between forty and fifty families of refugees. The rest of those on board were composed of the guard of the vessel, mostly soldiers, and the officers and crew. We had been out to sea one day and night when the fire broke out; it was about 9 P. M. on the 31st inst., and the vessel stood off Cape Hatteras. Flames were first seen to issue from the porter's room, situated back of the pilot-house, very nearly amidships. Several of us manned the pumps and worked them for about forty minutes in trying to put out the fires, but to no purpose. A heavy gale was blowing at the time, which fanned the fire, and a quantity of oil which was on board the ship caught fire and spread rapidly over the deck. Three-quarters of an hour after the flames broke out the first boat was launched in the midst of a heavy sea. It drifted under the stern of the vessel, and was smashed to pieces by the paddle-wheel. Ten men were in the boat, seven of whom were drowned, including the captain of the vessel. Finding the fire could not be checked, I tore a door from the galley and threw it overboard, and then followed it. I was in the water three hours, as near as I could judge, when the steamer General Sedgwick hove in sight, and picked me up. I was then at least one thousand five hundred yards from the burning vessel.—She was still burning, and rapidly drifting on the shoals. No one could be seen on board of her, all that was observable above deck was her smokestack. While in the water I saw two boats, filled with about twelve soldiers, in each, but the sea was so rough that there was no chance of their surviving it. One of the boats was lost while the General Sedgwick was endeavoring to save her. She capsized, and of those on board only one person was saved, a negro cook. The chief engineer of the General Sedgwick, while trying to save a drowning man, fell overboard and was drowned.

The other of the two boats I have no knowledge of. I think she was picked up by the General Sedgwick, but I am not sure, as I was entirely exhausted when rescued, and was sent below. A schooner also came up in sight half an hour before I was picked up, but she could not assist me, she having on too much headway. A rope was thrown me, but I could not catch it. After my rescue, the General Sedgwick steamed toward the burning vessel and sent in vicinity several steams of water, but could not reach her.—When I jumped overboard from the General Lyon, between fifty and sixty persons had preceded me.—They were clinging to casks, chairs and other floating materials. The scene on deck when I left was most heart-rending. There were about fifty women and children on board, belonging to the refugee families, and they were moaning and begging for life. Old soldiers, who had faced the enemy innumerable times, were crying and praying. None of the women or children were saved by the boats. What became of them I do not know. Nearly all of the paroled and escaped were sick below deck, and were most probably burned to death. General Sedgwick rescued twenty soldiers and nine of the crew of the General Lyon. That is all that is known to have been saved, although it is hoped that the schooner which was seen may have picked up some. Among those on the General Lyon whom I knew were Thomas W. Smith, James W. Sims, and Peter Wade, all of the 5th Ohio Cavalry. I saw nothing of their fate. Those rescued, in common with myself, received the kindest attention from the officers and crew of the General Sedgwick. We arrived in this city on Sunday at noon."

Mr. Colby describes the scene on board the burning vessel as one of the most terrible and impressive sights he ever witnessed—children begging their mothers to save them, while the mothers were rendered frantic by their appeals, soldiers suffering the most horrid agony, and shrieking, groaning and crying were the awful sights displayed.

LAMARTINE ON THE RELIGION OF REVOLUTIONARY MEN.

I know—I sigh when I think of it—that hitherto the French people have been the least religious of all the nations of Europe. It is because the idea of God—which arises from all the evidences of nature, and from the depth of reflection—being the profoundest and most distinct idea of which human intelligence is capable, and the French mind being the most rapid, but the most superficial, the lightest, the most unreflective of all European races, this mind has not the force and severity necessary to carry far and long the greatest conception of the human understanding?

Is it because our governments have always taken upon themselves to think for us? Is it because we are and have been a military people, a soldier nation, led by kings, heroes, and ambitious men, from battle field to battlefield, making conquests, and never keeping them, ravaging, dazzling, charming and corrupting Europe; and bringing home the manners, vices, bravery, lightness, and impiety of the camp to the fireside of the people?

I know not, but certain it is that the nation has an immense progress to make in serious thought if she wishes to be free. If we look at the characters, compared in regards religious sentiments, of the great nations of Europe, America, even Asia, the advantage is not for us. The great men of our country live and die, forgetting completely the only idea for which it is worth living and dying; they live and die looking at the spectator, or at most at posterity.

Open the history of America, the history of England, and the history of France; read the great lives, the great deaths, the martyrdoms, the great words at the hour when the ruling thought of life reveals itself in the last words of dying—and compare.

Washington and Franklin fought, spoke, suffered, always in the name of God, for whom they acted; and the Liberator of America died confiding to God the liberty of the people and his own soul.

Sydney, the young martyr of patriotism, guilty of nothing but impatience, and who died to expiate his country's dream of liberty, said to his jailor: "I rejoice that I die innocent towards the king, but a victim resigned to the King on High, to whom all life is due."

The republicans of Greece will only accept the way of God even in the field of battle. Their politics were their faith, their reign a prayer, their death a palm. One hears, sees, feels that God was in all the movements of these great people.

But cross the sea, traverse La Manche, come to our times, open our annals, and listen to the last words of the great political actors of the drama of our liberty. One would think that God was eclipsed from the soul, that his name was unknown in the language. History will have the air of an atheist when she recounts to posterity these annihilations, rather than deaths of celebrated men in the greatest year of France! The victims only have a God; the tribune and literature have none.

Look at Mirabeau on the bed of death. "Crown me with flowers," said he, "intoxicate me with perfumes, let me die to the sound of delicious music!" Not a word of God or of his soul. Sensual philosopher, he desired only supreme sensualism, a last voluptuousness in his agony.

Contemplate Madam Roland, the strong-hearted woman of the Revolution, on the cart that conveyed her to death. She looked contemptuously on the besotted people who killed their prophets and sybils. Not a glance toward heaven! Only one word for the earth she was quitting—"O Liberty!"

Approach the dungeon door of the Girondins.—Their last night is a banquet; the only hymn, the Marseillaise!

Follow Camille Desmoulins to his execution. A cool and indecent pleasantry at the trial, and a long imprecation on the road to the guillotine, were the two last thoughts of this dying man on his way to the last tribunal.

Hear Danton on the platform of the scaffold, at a distance of a line from God and eternity. "I have had a good time of it; let me go to sleep." Then to the executioner, "you will show my head to the people—it is worth the trouble!" His faith, annihilation; his last sigh vanity. Behold the Frenchman of this latter age!

What must one think of the religious sentiments of a free people whose great figures seem thus to march in procession to annihilation, and to whom that terrible minister, death itself recalls neither the threatenings nor promises of God!

The republic of these men without a God has quickly been stranded. The liberty won by so much heroism and so much genius has not found in France a conscience to shelter it, a God to avenge it, a people to defend it against the atheism which has been called glory. All ended in a soldier and some apostate republicans travestied into courtiers. An atheistic republicanism cannot be heroic. When you terrify it, it bends; when you would buy it, it sells itself. Who would take any heed? The people ungrateful and God non-existent! No finish atheist revolutions.

The Fort Pitt foundery at Pittsburgh, will send to the great fair at Chicago, six model guns, for the fortifications and Monitor Hall, of twenty-inch, ten-inch, and eight-inch calibre, with balls of the same dimensions. Also, a Monitor and Merimac, besides sending a man to build the fort, place the guns, and superintend matters generally.

DANIEL WEBSTER ON THE UNION.

I profess, sir, in my career, hitherto, to have kept steadily in view the prosperity and honor of the whole country and the preservation of our federal union. It is to that union we owe our safety at home, and our consideration and dignity abroad. It is to that union that we are chiefly indebted for whatever makes us most proud of our country. That union we reached only by the discipline of our virtues in the severe school of adversity. It had its origin in the necessities of disordered finance, prostrate commerce, and ruined credit. Under its benign influences, these great interests immediately awoke, as from the dead, and sprang forth with newness of life.—Every year of its duration has seemed with fresh proofs of its utility and its blessings; and although our territory has stretched out wider and wider, and our population spread further and further, they have not outrun the protection or its benefits. It has been to us all a copious fountain of national, social, and personal happiness. I have not allowed myself, sir, to look beyond the union, to see what might lie hidden in the dark recess behind. I have not coolly weighed the chances of preserving liberty when the bonds that unite us together shall be broken asunder. I have not accustomed myself to hang over the precipice of disunion, to see whether, with my short sight, I can fathom the depth of the abyss below; nor could I regard him as a safe counsellor in the affairs of this government, whose thoughts should be mainly bent on considering, not how the union should be best preserved, but how tolerable might be the condition of the people when it shall be broken up and destroyed. While the union lasts, we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us, for us and our children. Beyond that I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant that, in my day, at least, that curtain may not rise. God grant, that on my vision never may be opened what lies behind. When my eyes shall be turned to behold, for the last time, the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious union; on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood! Let their last feeble and lingering glance, rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the republic now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured—bearing for its motto, no such miserable interrogatory, as What is all this worth? Nor those other words of delusion and folly, *Liberty first, and Union afterwards*—but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea, and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart—Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable!—*Daniel Webster.*

FROM NEWBERN.—Some friend has placed us in possession of a copy of the *Newbern Times* of the 14th. The Editor, speaking of the port of Newbern, says:

"Again we call the attention of the government officials to the importance, the necessity, of re-opening this port. The whole of eastern North Carolina is supplied through this place. With the railroad occupied, and used to its utmost capacity, by the military, Beaufort cannot supply this large, populous and loyal section—we say loyal, for it is well known that North Carolina is not less loyal than the least disloyal section of the South.

"The business men of this town have a petition for this purpose and are procuring signatures. We sincerely hope the authorities will lend a favorable ear to their prayer."

We do not desire to dictate to Gen. Sherman, Gen. Grant, or the government at Washington, but we do most solemnly protest against those State officers who have tyrannized over us for the last two years. Give us a military government and protection at the polls until we can elect new civil officers, and we shall be satisfied; but if those who have heretofore enslaved us be allowed to remain over us, all our devotion to a constitutional Union and all our sacrifices, are in vain. Give us entire freedom, through the constitutional mode of the ballot box, or give us abject slavery. No more of Davis, no more of Vance.

We speak not for ourself but for the people of North Carolina, and we appeal to the Union armies and the national authorities to save us.

News Agents

And others will please hand in their orders for the *Progress*, the day previous, so we may know how many to print.

MISSING.

HENRY BURGER, A PRIVATE OF CO. D, 47TH New York Volunteers, while sick and delirious from fever, on Friday evening the 14th, left the ambulance in which he was lying, and has not since been seen by his comrades. He may have wandered off into the country. Any soldier or citizen finding him will confer a favor by reporting the same to Capt. Adams, Pioneer Engineer Corps, Headquarters 2d Division, 10 A. C.

The missing man was about 18 years of age, fair complexion, light hair and eyes, and about 5 feet 7 inches in height. CH'S P. COLE,

April 20-tf Co D, 47th New York Volunteers.

TO PRINTERS.

WANTED, IMMEDIATELY, TWO GOOD JOB Hands and three or four Compositors for newspaper. None need apply unless willing to work steady. Apply at PROGRESS OFFICE.

April 19-tf

$5 REWARD.

LOST ON THE 16TH INST, TWO MUSIC BOOKS. Any one returning them to the owner will receive the above reward. GEO. J. LORD,

Band of 3d Brig., 3d Div., 10th A. C.

April 18-3t*

DR. B. F. ARRINGTON, SURGEON DENTIST.

Office on Hillsboro Street, at the Railroad crossing. April 17-tf

MRS. H. W. MILLER'S BOARDING HOUSE, RALEIGH, N. C.

BY THE DAY, WEEK AND MONTH.

April 20-tf